

STORM



MARVEL

PAK
BARRIONUEVO
PALMER
REDMOND

006

Thief. Goddess. Headmistress. Queen. The X-Man called STORM has always defied a single title. And her desire to better the world has never been limited to only her own kind.

STORM



PREVIOUSLY...

Mourning the death of her teammate and lover, Wolverine, Storm went to the aid of their mutual acquaintance Yukio, hoping to gain a sense of closure by concluding some of Logan's unfinished business. However, Storm was unprepared to find Yukio embroiled in the activities of warring clans in Las Vegas—clans led by longtime X-Men foe Moses Magnum, Davis Harmon of Eaglestar International Arms Manufacturing, and Kuva of the Breakworld—the tentative peace kept only through the institution of combat in an underground fight club to settle disputes. Challenged for her seat of power by Kuva, Yukio appointed the reluctant Storm as her champion. And while Storm did fight and take a beating on Yukio's behalf, Storm was crestfallen to find that Yukio had only used her as a diversion...and killed Kuva herself behind the scenes!

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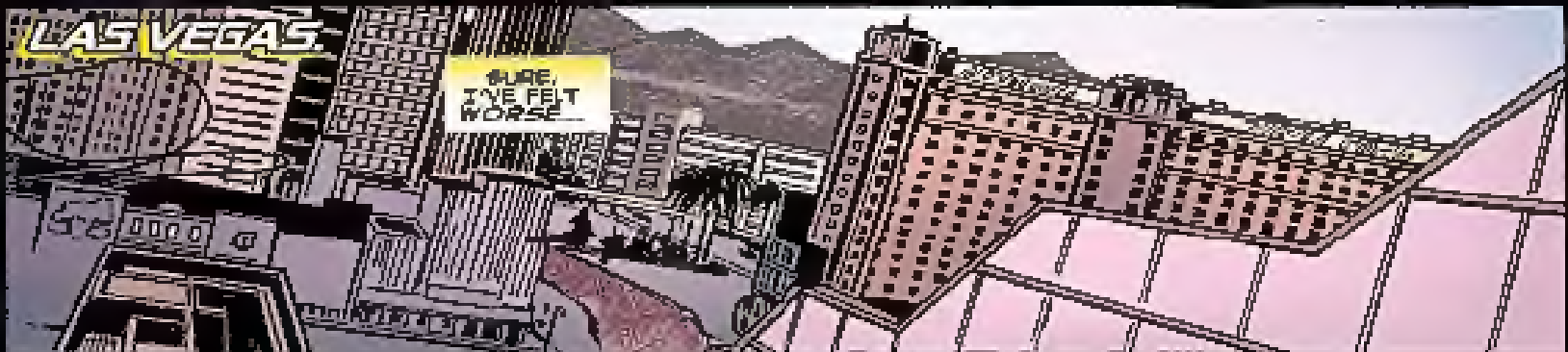
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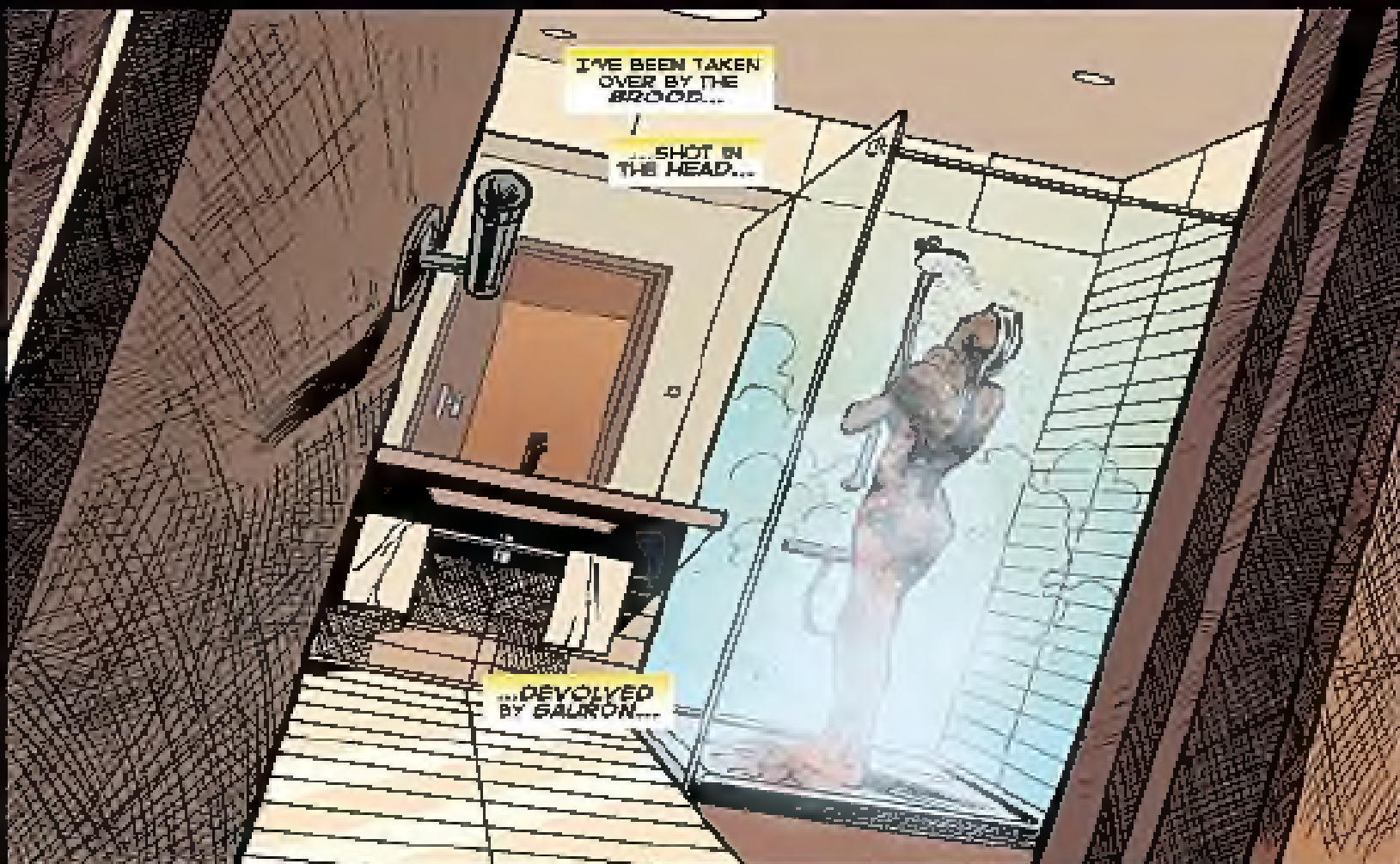
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SURE,
I'VE FELT
WORSE



I'VE BEEN TAKEN
OVER BY THE
BROOD...

...SHOT IN
THE HEAD...

...DEVOLVED
BY SAIURON...



...BUT THIS
IS BAD...

...AND I'VE
JUST GOT
MYSELF
TO BLAME

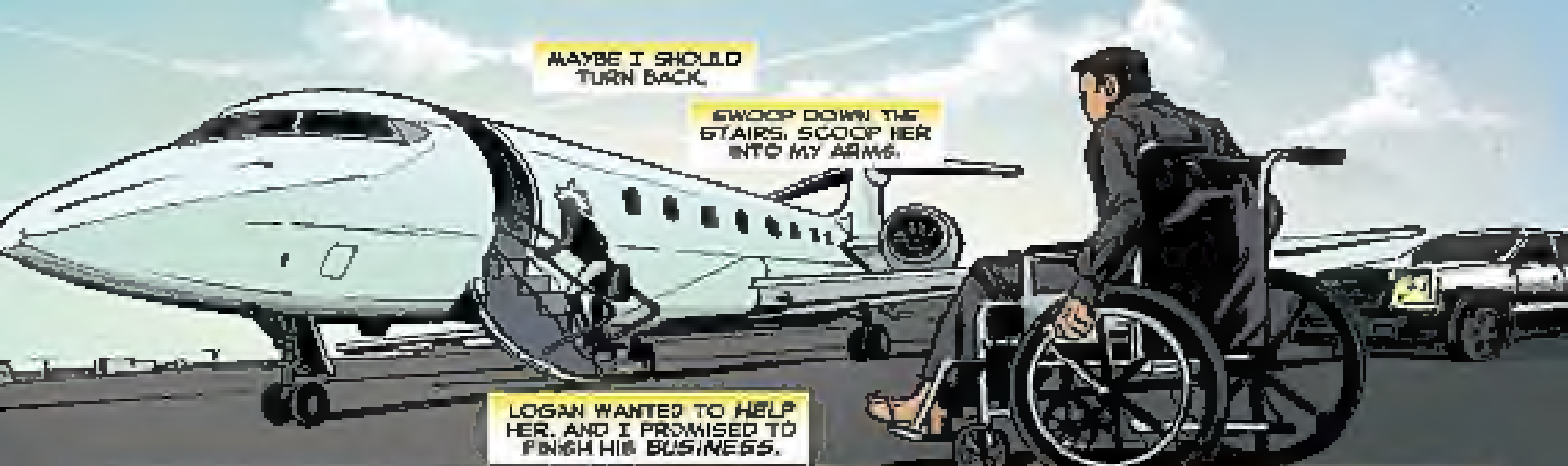


BRZZZZT

WELL,

THAT'S NOT
ENTIRELY TRUE.

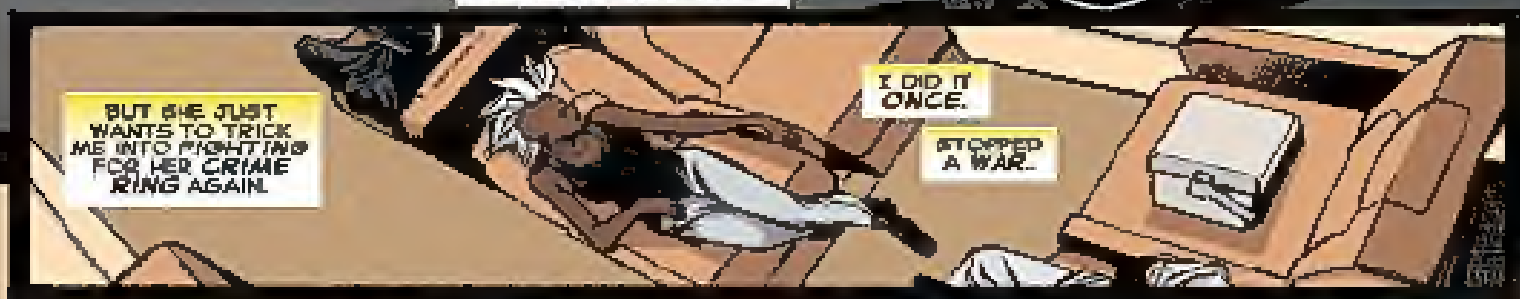




MAYBE I SHOULD
TURN BACK.

SWOOP DOWN THE
STAIRS, SCOOP HER
INTO MY ARMS.

LOGAN WANTED TO HELP
HER, AND I PROMISED TO
FINISH HIS BUSINESS.



BUT SHE JUST
WANTS TO TRICK
ME INTO FIGHTING
FOR HER CRIME
RING AGAIN.

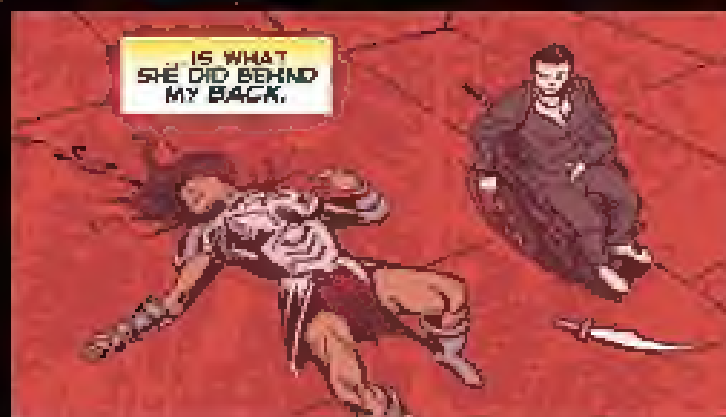
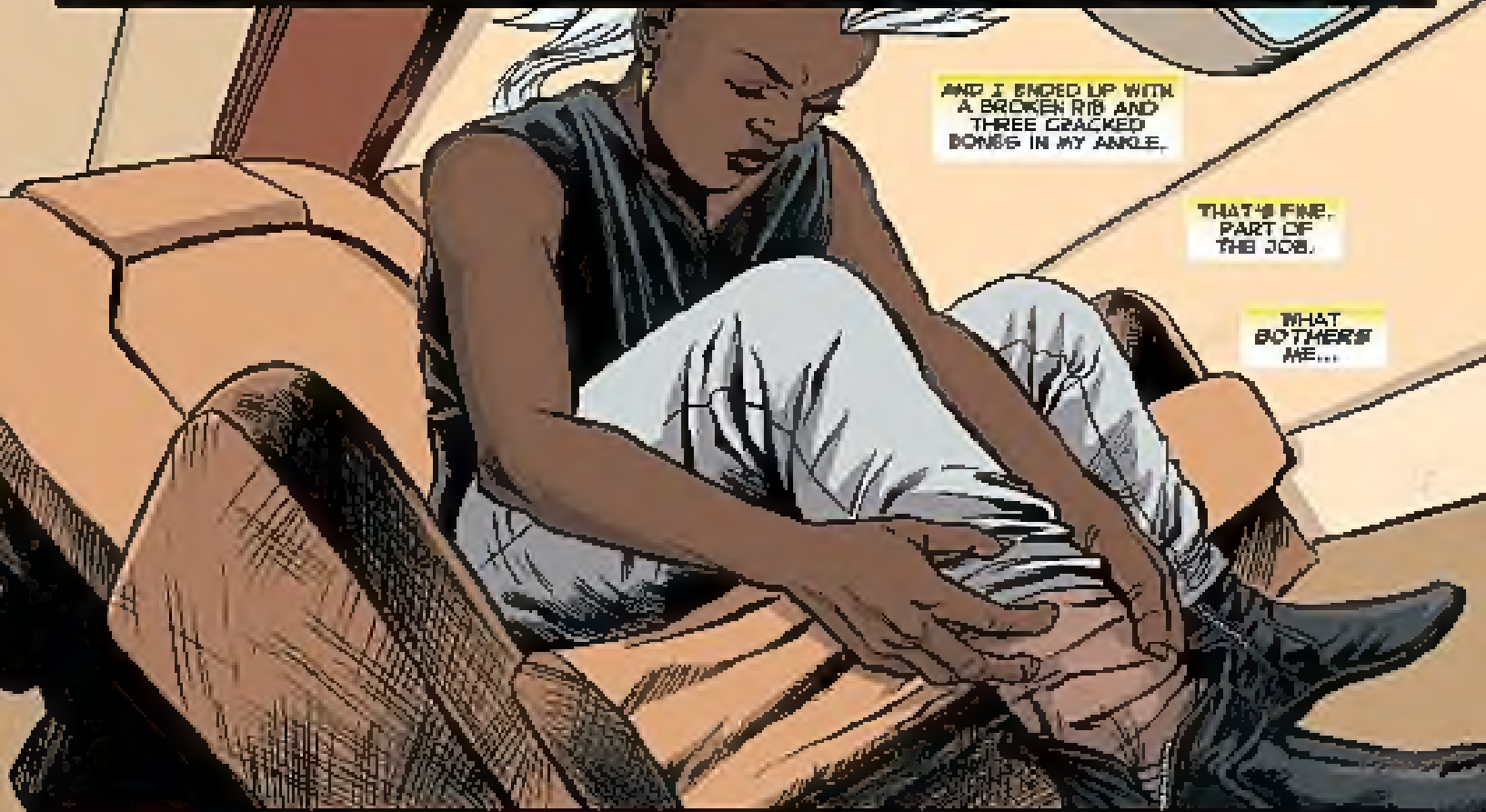
I DID IT
ONCE.

STOPPED
A WAR...

AND I ENDED UP WITH
A BROKEN RIB AND
THREE CRACKED
BONES IN MY ANGLE.

THAT'S FINE,
PART OF
THE JOB.

WHAT
BOTHERS
ME...



IS WHAT
SHE DID BEHIND
MY BACK.



CAMMY,
YUKO.

EXCUSE
ME...

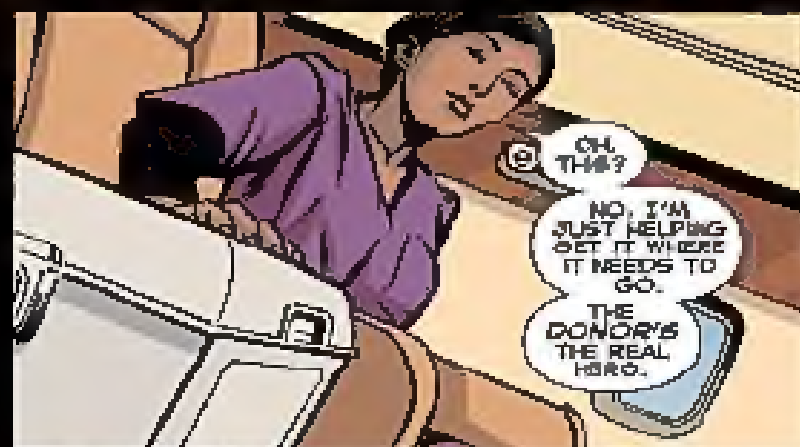


YOU'RE
YOU'RE OROO
MUNROE,
AREN'T YOU?
YES...

I'M REALLY
SORRY TO
BOTHER YOU, BUT
I HEARD WHAT YOU
DID FOR THAT
FISHING VILLAGE
IN SANTO
MARCO.
I'M FROM
THE PHILIPPINES.
WE GET A LOT OF
HURRICANES...
IT'S JUST
NICE TO KNOW...
SOMEONE
CARES.



THANK
YOU.
BUT IT
LOOKS TO ME
LIKE YOU'RE THE
HERO ON THIS
PLANE.



OH,
THAT?
NO, I'M
JUST HELPING
GET IT WHERE
IT NEEDS TO
GO.
THE
DONOR'S
THE REAL
HERO.



SHE'S AN AUNT,
HASN'T TALKED TO
HER SISTER FOR
TWENTY YEARS,
HASN'T EVEN MET
HER NIECE.
BUT THEN
A FRIEND CALLS,
TELLS HER THE
GIRL NEEDS
HELP.
WOW.
YEAH.
BUT YOU
KNOW WHAT'S
REALLY
CRAZY?



OVER SIX
THOUSAND
PEOPLE DONATE
A KIDNEY EVERY
YEAR.
THAT'S...
...A LOT OF
HEROES.
THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!



I AM NOT
GOING TO FLY
ON A PLANE WITH
A MUTANT!



WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE,
HERE, FOLKS?

THERE'S
A MUTANT
ON BOARD!

THE...THE
AFRICAN ONE!
THE ONE WHO
CONTROLS THE
WEATHER!

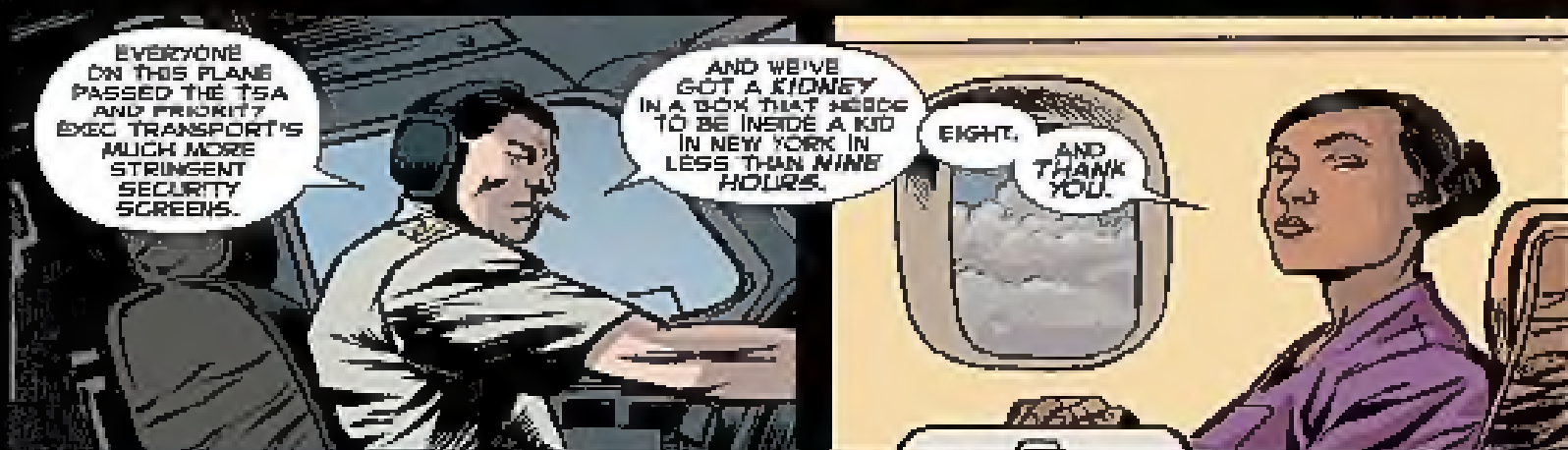
I DID NOT
PAY THREE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS TO
HAVE MY LIFE
ENDANGERED
BY ONE OF
THEM!



SENATOR...
MAYBE WE
SHOULD--

CALM
DOWN,
JACK.

THIS
IS STILL
AMERICA.
LAST TIME I
CHECKED, AS
LONG AS THE
CAPTAIN CAN
ASSURE US
EVERYTHING'S
OKAY...



EVERYONE
ON THIS PLANE
PASSED THE TSA
AND PRIORITY
EXEC TRANSPORT'S
MUCH MORE
STRINGENT
SECURITY
SCREENS.

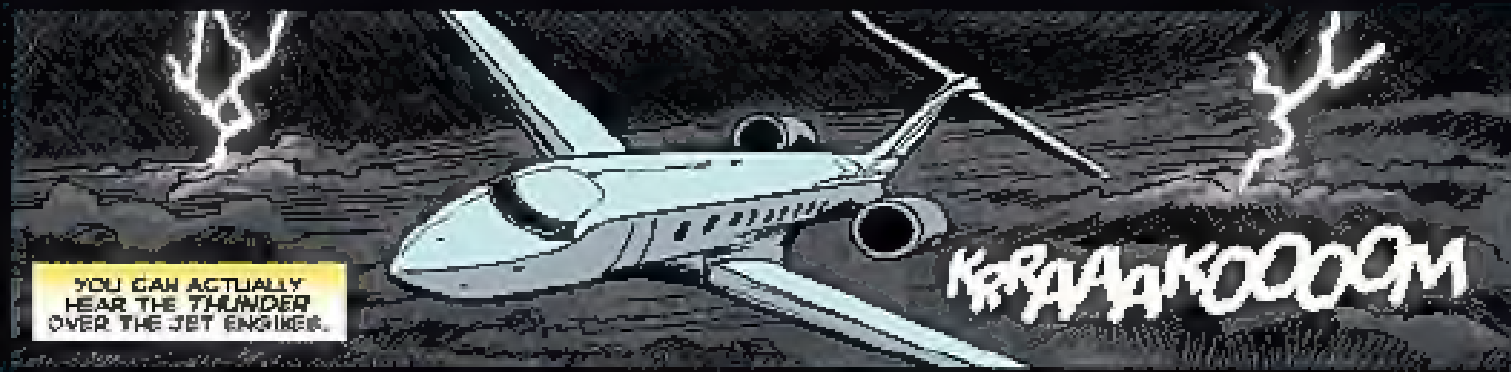
AND WE'VE
GOT A KIDNEY
IN A BOX THAT NEEDS
TO BE INSIDE A KID
IN NEW YORK IN
LESS THAN NINE
HOURS.

EIGHT.
AND THANK
YOU.



SO EVERYONE
ON THIS PLANE IS
WELCOME TO STAY
OR LEAVE AS YOU
SEE FIT.

WE'RE
LEAVING IN FIVE
MINUTES.



YOU CAN ACTUALLY
HEAR THE THUNDER
OVER THE JET ENGINES.

KRRRAAKOOOOM

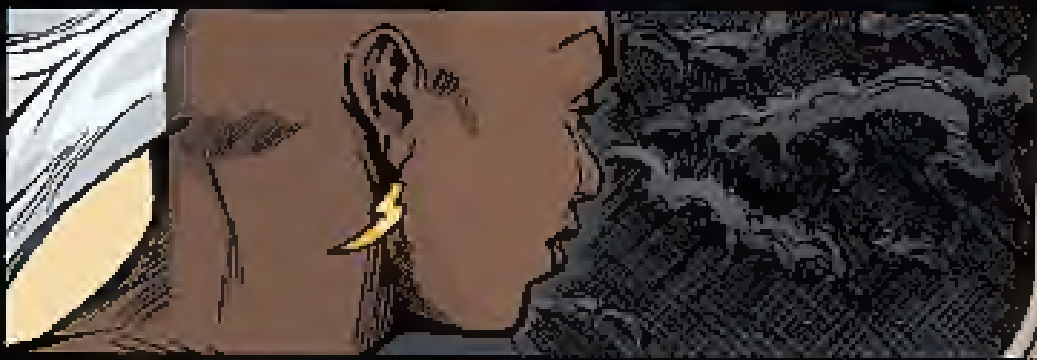


I SWEAR
IT'S NOT ME.



WE'RE GOING UP
ON A LITTLE TURBULENCE,
FOLKS. SO PLEASE STAY
IN YOUR SEATS FOR THE
NEXT FEW MINUTES
WITH YOUR SEATBELTS
FASTENED.

OH DEAR
GOD...



IT'S JUST A
SMALL, LOCALIZED
THUNDER-HEAD.



BUT WITH A LITTLE
CONCENTRATION...

...I COULD TURN
IT INTO SOMETHING
REALLY SCARY...



...OR I COULD DO
SOMETHING ELSE
ALTOGETHER.



ACTUALLY
FOLKS...

CANCEL
THAT.

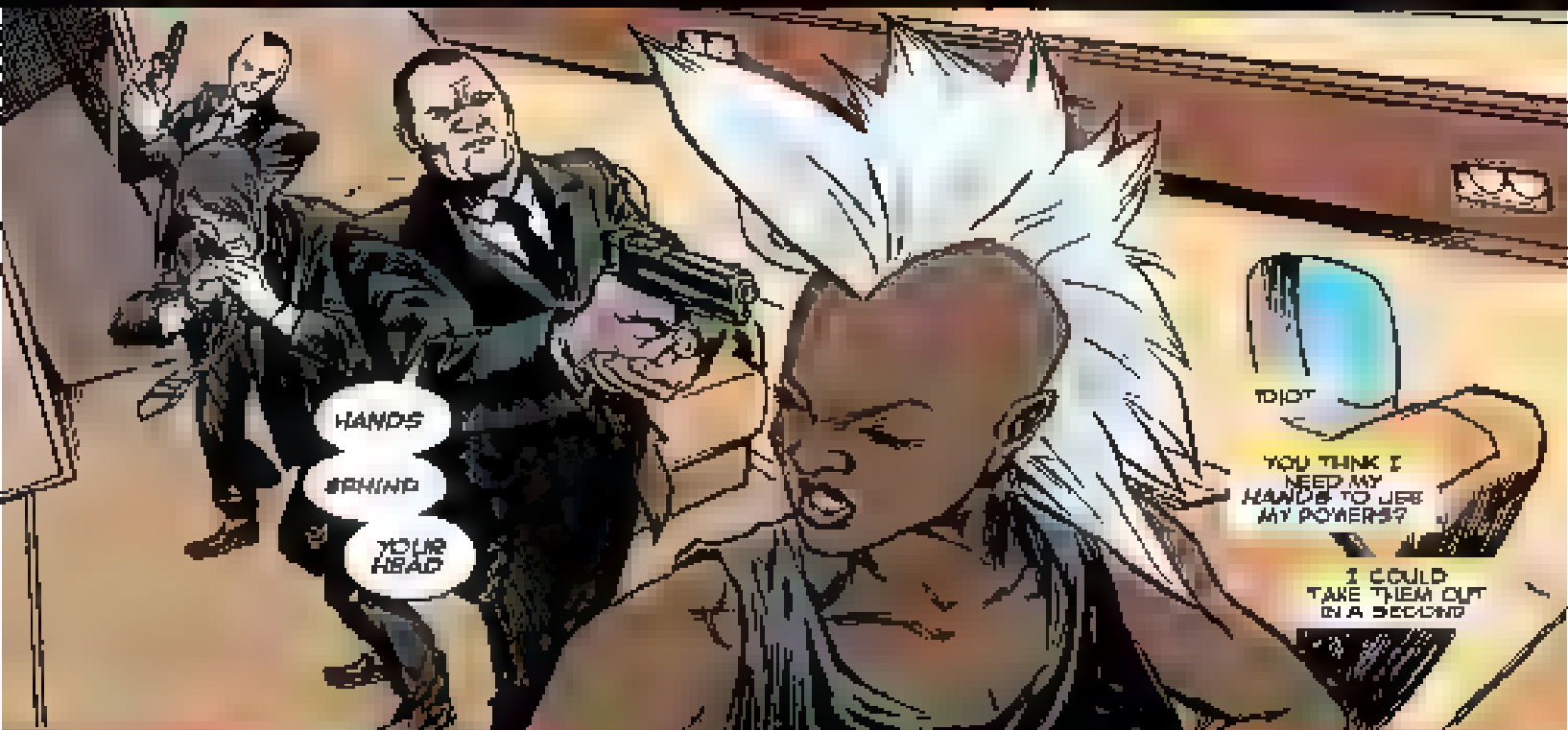


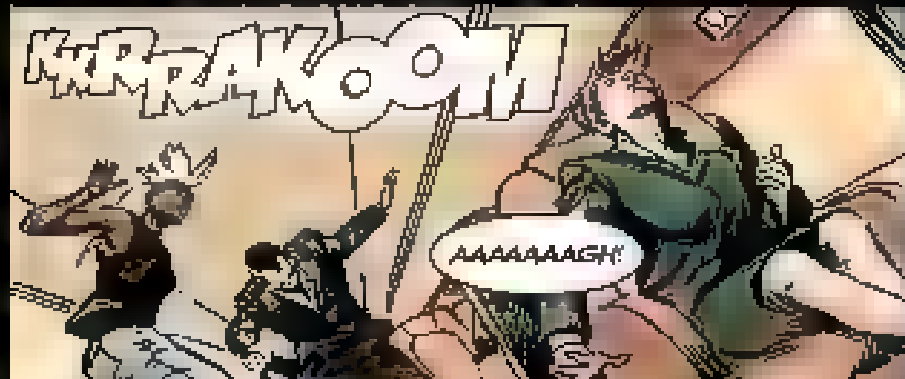
LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE UP
HERE LIKES
US.



AAAAHH!











WAIT YOU
CAN'T JUST OPEN
THE HATCH!

WE'LL BE
SUCKED OUT
THE DOOR!



I DID
SAY BUCKLE
UP

BUT DON'T
WORRY
I'M
STABILIZING
THE PLANE
AND
EVENING UP
THE AIR
PRESSURE




THERE

LITTLE
SHULTZ



BUT NOT
SO BAD
RIGHT?




I ACTIVATE THE
UNSTABLE
MOLECULES IN
MY CLOTHES
FEELS GOOD TO
BE IN UNIFORM.

BUT THEN I FEEL
THE PLANE
DROPPING OUT OF
THE DUESTREAM




NO WONDER

MY LIGHTNING
DIDN'T DO THAT.



IT WAS
THESE LITTLE
MONSTERS



TOO CLOSE TO THE
PLANE TO HIT HIM
WITH LIGHTNING.

AND WIND IS
TOO RISKY..

IT'S TAKING ME
EVERYTHING I'VE
GOT TO KEEP THE
PLANE IN THE AIR.

AND LET'S
FACE IT



THIS IS
MORE FUN.

UNK

THUNK



WHO
GENT
SOUT

THE WIND'S
TOO STRONG.

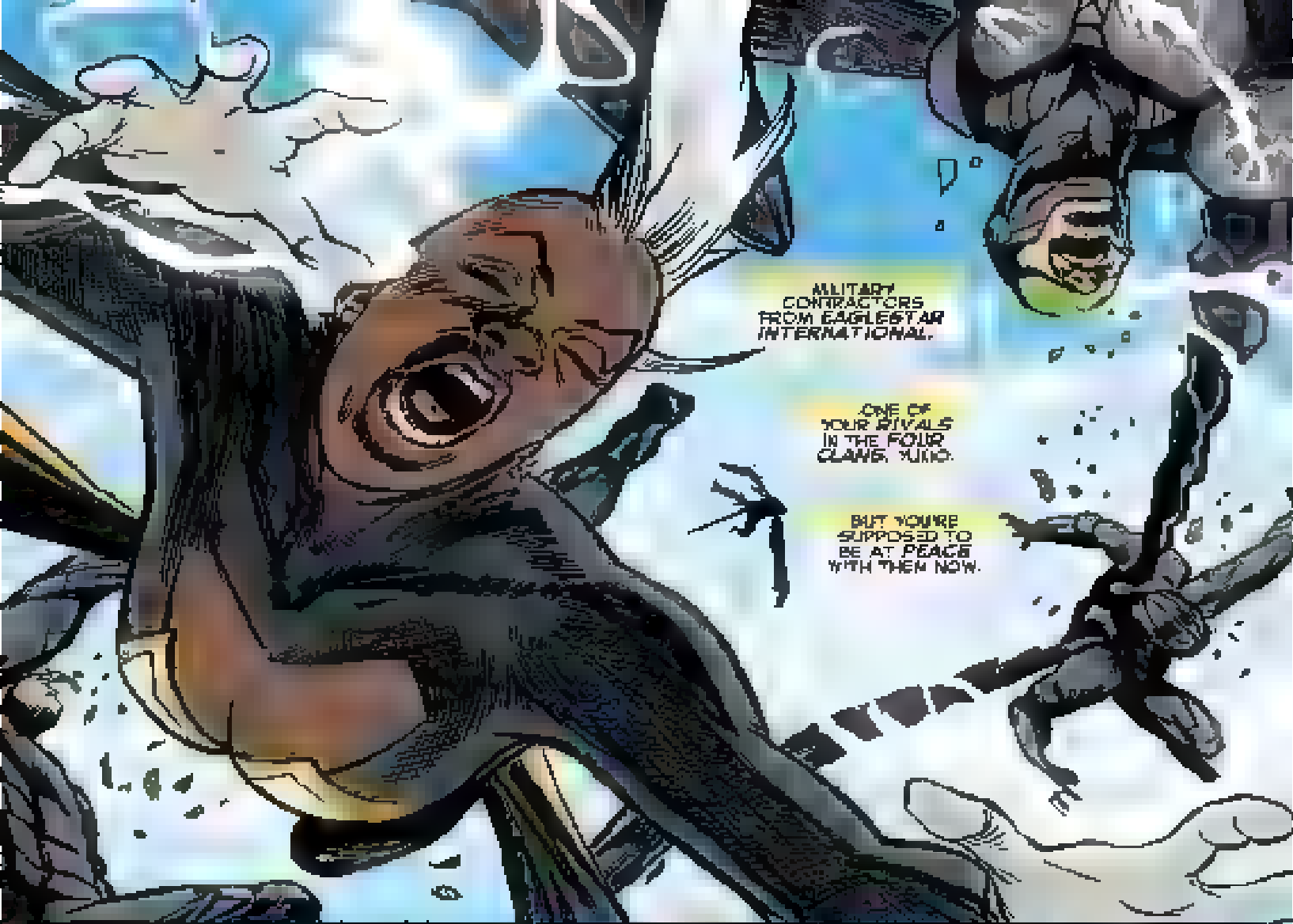
HE CAN'T EVEN
HEAR ME

BUT HE'S
WEARING THE
DAMN LOGO
RIGHT THERE
ON HIS



BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK

GAAAH!



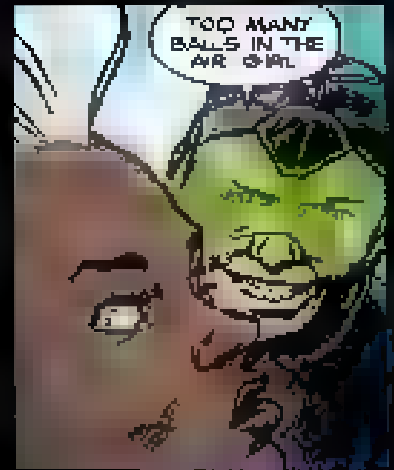
MILITARY
CONTRACTORS
FROM EAGLESTAR
INTERNATIONAL.

ONE OF
YOUR RIVALS
IN THE FOUR
CLANS, YUKO.

BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
BE AT PEACE
WITH THEM NOW.



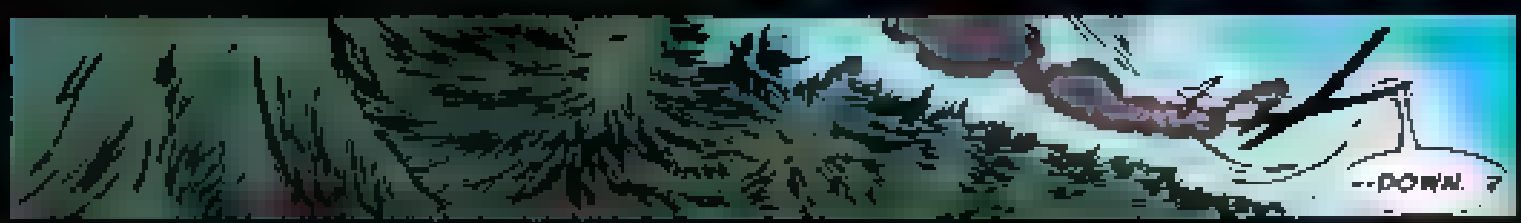
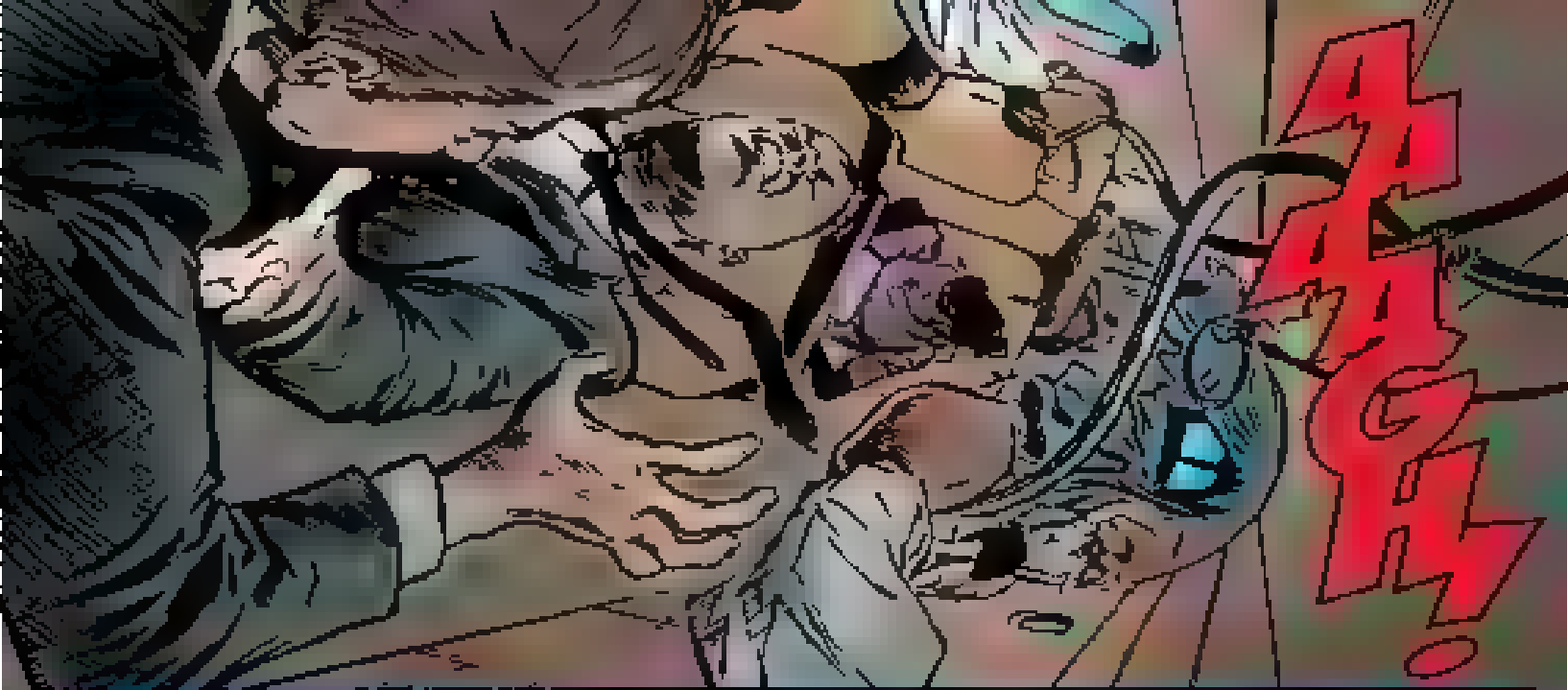
WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?



TOO MANY
BALLS IN THE
AIR, GIRL.



DAMMIT!



THE FLAME WEIGHS
A HUNDRED
THOUSAND POUNDS.

WE'RE EIGHTEEN
HUNDRED
MILES FROM
NEW YORK CITY

MY ANKLE'S
ON FIRE

I CAN'T FEEL
MY FOOT

THERE'S
BLOOD IN
MY EYES.

OR INSIDE
MY EYES. I'M
NOT SURE

THE PARAMILITARIES
ARE GONE.

THEIR JOBS
DONE

THEY KNOW
I CAN'T

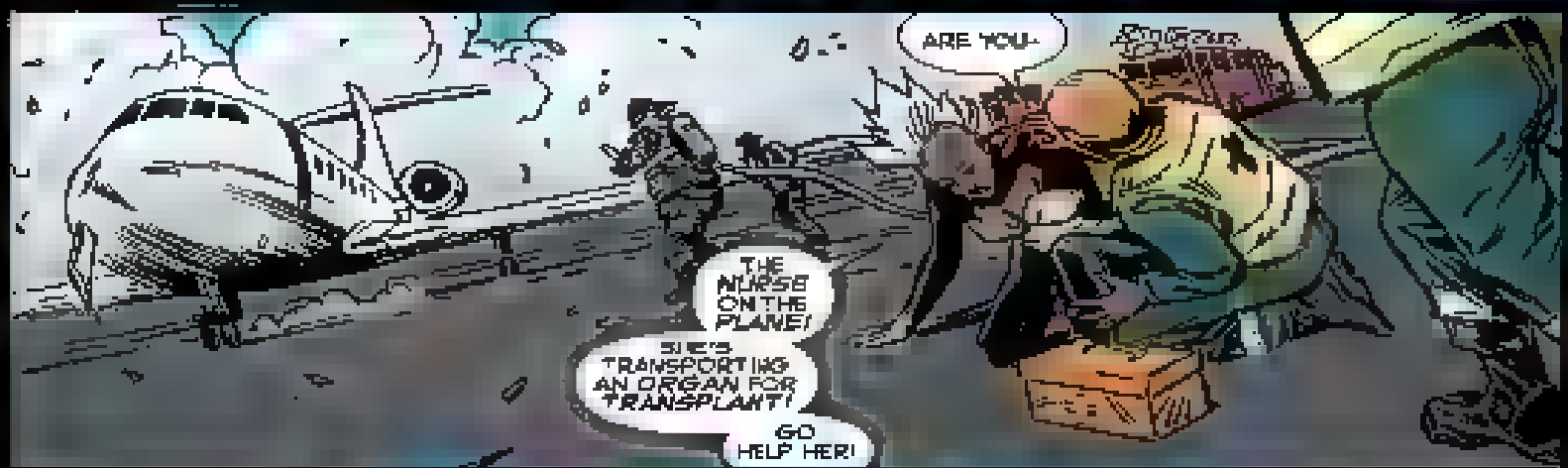
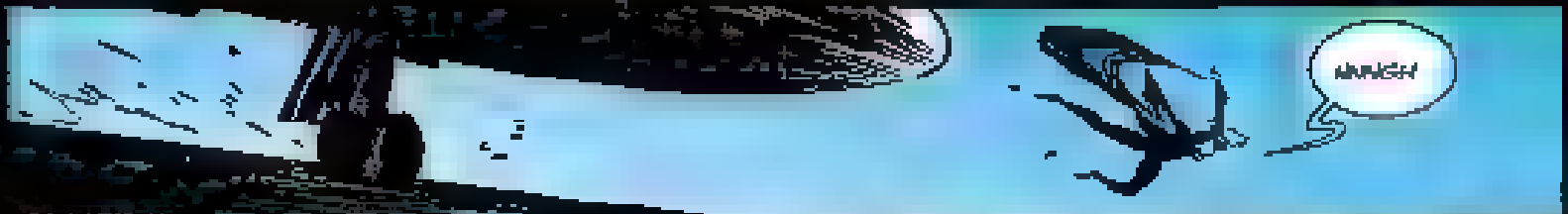
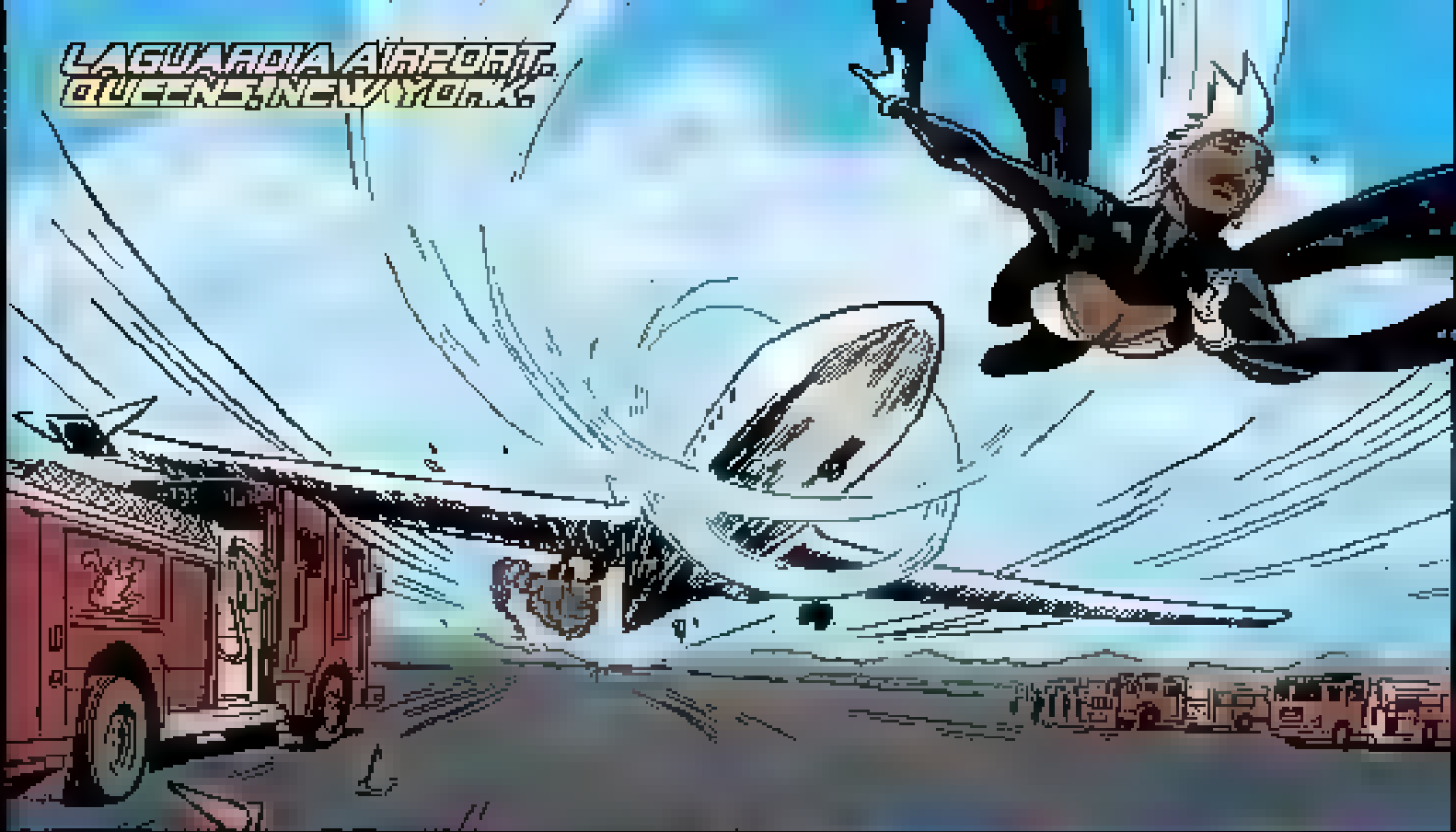
CAN'T
DO THIS

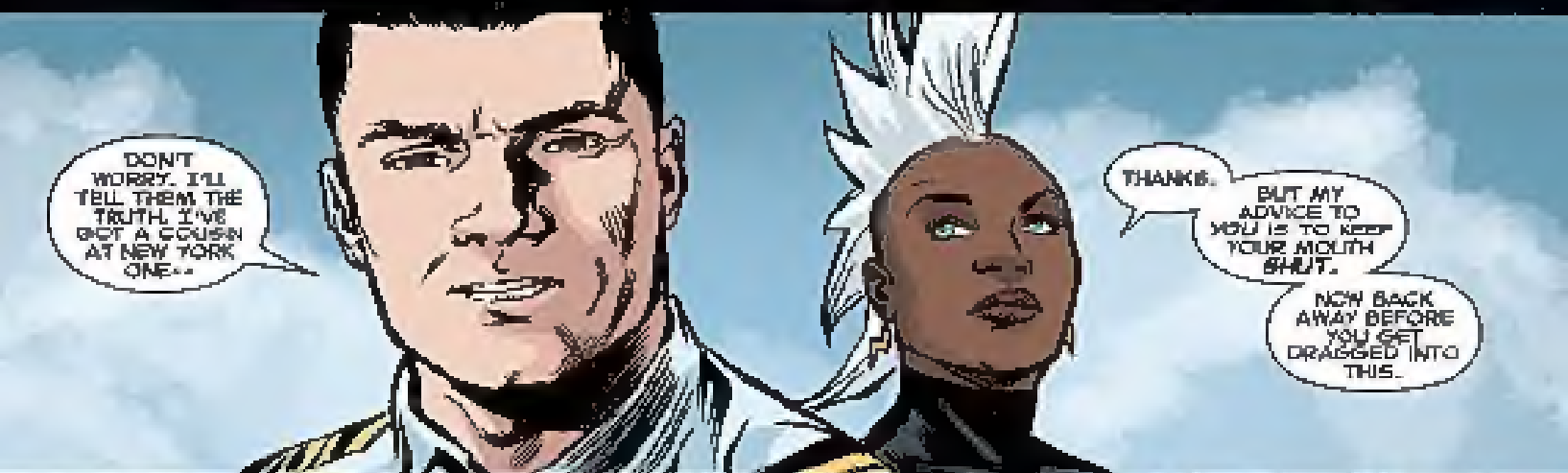
FOR A FEW
MINUTES.
MAYBE

BUT FOR
FIVE HOURS?



**LAGUARDIA AIRPORT,
QUEENS, NEW YORK.**







...BUT ME.

**TO BE
CONTINUED!**

